

EXTRA

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

VINDICATED

Frederick Witte Honorably Acquitted This Afternoon.

"The Evening World" Saves an Innocent Man from Prison.

Mrs. Samuels's Jewelry Found in Her House.

Her Whole Story About Witte a Fabrication.

"What redress have I now? What else is there for me to do but to wait? I am sure it seems they'll not let me. No one will employ me any more."

Frederick Witte, the man accused of assaulting and robbing Mrs. Sarah Samuels, at 197 West Houston street, was honorably discharged at Jefferson Market Police Court this afternoon.

The jewelry which Mrs. Samuels swore had been stolen from her was found at the house.

Mrs. Samuels had positively identified Witte as one of the two men who, she said, had stealthily entered her house intent on robbery, and had knocked her senseless when she surprised them at their work.

She could not be moved from her firm declaration that Witte was the guilty man.

So singular were the circumstances of the case and so far from being a fabrication, as the Evening World printed, that the police would take upon itself the task of investigating the man's movements.

As a result, the paper presented on Saturday a chain of evidence establishing a complete alibi for the prisoner.

His every movement within the time at which the robbery was alleged to have occurred was accounted for, and it was shown that the man could not have been near the Samuels house at that time.

In addition to establishing this alibi, the Evening World printed circumstances and expert medical opinions indicating the probability that Mrs. Samuels was a victim of hysteria and was laboring under a strong nervous illusion.

The finding of the jewelry at the house from which it was said to have been taken lends new strength to this theory.

When Witte was brought into court this afternoon he was pale, despairing, listless and almost speechless.

When his honorable discharge was announced, he sank down, helpless and prostrate, under the sudden revulsion of feeling and burst into tears.

He was scarcely able to comprehend the words of congratulation that came from his counsel and the friendly officers of the Court—words in which even the justice joined.

"HE IS MINE FOREVER NOW."

Charles Hudson, the Man Who Was Mutilated by a Kansas City Woman.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 18.—The story of a man who on Friday was horribly mutilated by a razor by a woman whom he had been supporting proves to be Charles Hudson, a young capitalist.

Hudson had informed the woman that he was soon to marry a society belle. While he was asleep she slashed him with a razor, and when he awoke exclaimed, "He is mine forever now."

No sensation here has ever created so much comment, and the affair has been guarded very closely.

The city has been filled with the wildest stories about it. The seven daily papers have placed every available space at its disposal, and have been assisted by the police and outside correspondents.

The Evening World representative has been able to locate the scene of the cutting at West 10th street, near here.

Hudson was taken to Nevada, Mo., yesterday.

ANN O'DELIA FREE.

She Quits Blackwell's Island at 9 O'clock This Morning.

Luther R. Marsh's Nephew Accompanied Her Over the River.

She Was Driven Off in a Cab from East Fifty-second Street.

A Long and Stern Chase by an "Evening World" Reporter.

The Medium Cannot Get Back Her Two Children.

Ann O'Delia Editha Loleta Lola Montez Salomon Messant Dine Debar, high priestess of all the spooks of Spookville, is again at large, having been set free by her host of the last six months, Warden Pillsbury, of the Hotel de Penitentiary, Blackwell's Island.

The fat priestess is now ready to invite the immortal shades of all the illustrious dead.



ANN O'DELIA AS SHE LOOKED THIS MORNING.

parted, and is casting her eyes about for a soft spot where she can rest and paint spirit pictures at reduced rates.

Princess Loleta looks coarse and flabby. When she arose from her virtuous though hard couch in cell No. 15, second floor of the workhouse, at precisely 6 o'clock this morning, she gazed with a sigh out of the little aperture, called by courtesy a window, on the turbulent waters of the East River, fringed by the stunted willows near the water's edge.

Her hair was a large one as might be expected, and she heaved a second as she drew on one of her coarse woollen stockings. It scraped her delicate skin and she shuddered. She had drawn its mate half way on when suddenly she stopped and stood upright.

Her eyes were riveted on a speck moving rapidly over the water. It was barely dawn, and it was some time before she was sure of what she was looking at.

Then she soliloquized: "I cannot be mistaken. It is he. It must be."

Then she muttered something very like cuss words, for she had made out The Evening World reporter crouching in a small boat to be the first to greet her when she left the jug.

Thoroughly disgusted, Ann sat down and ruminated on the bad reporters while she waited for the other half of the stocking. Other necessary articles of wearing apparel were put on, and then she donned for the last time her prison suit of striped awning goods.

She arrayed, she glanced at herself with some difficulty, and, seemingly satisfied, waited patiently for the signal for breakfast. It came at 6.45, and for about the 180th time she swallowed a luxurious repast of dry coffee and dry bread.

Then Ann, trotted complacently back to her cell. She was not to be free in a couple of hours, and why shouldn't she indulge in pleasant thoughts?

Once more gazing out of her window, her eyes fell upon a singular spectacle. It caused her to gnash her teeth in rage. There, coming up the gravelled walk, was her devoted adherent, Douglas A. Stewart, walking in a hollow square formed by reporters, who were firing questions at him from every quarter.

This left her in a pleasant frame of mind. Meanwhile The Evening World reporter succeeded in learning from Stewart that there was a coach awaiting Ann's arrival at the foot of East fifty-second street. But not another bit of information could be gotten from him.

It was evident that the Princess had imbibed him with some of her spirit, for he never had any of his own. He is Luther R. Marsh's nephew, and he calls Ann O'Delia his devoted mother.

At 8 o'clock the Princess was escorted to the reception, or sewing room in the fourth tier, where she stripped off her prison dress. Then she donned underwear of the finest quality. A rich black dress was buttoned on, and a rich plush sacque, with a lace muffer, completed her apparel. A jaunty black velvet bonnet graced her queenly head and then she was ready to be weighed.

At 8 o'clock the Princess was escorted to the barber shop on the ground floor. Gingerly she stepped on the weighing platform and the scales flew around to a high mark.

While this is going on, Clerk Crane, in the wardrobe of the office, from him he learned that Ann will take to the stage. She will appear in her prison dress, and it is to be made from stuff procured from a well-known dry-goods firm.

The prisoner said that he learned all this by hearing scraps of conversation in the office.

The reporter also learned that Frank Hall, the walking-match and skating rink manager, of Philadelphia, was to be her manager.

penitentiary last night and had sent up a contract for Gen. Dine Debar to sign. That gentleman declined, but sent down word that he would see him at 6 o'clock to-morrow night in New York.

From Clerk Crane the reporter learned that a gentleman had been to see Gen. Dine Debar last night, and Crane gave an accurate description of him, leaving little room for doubt. When and where the Princess will make her debut is a mystery.

At 8.55 the Princess, with the same defiant look on her face, entered the office and received her effects, and at 8.58 she left the building a free woman.

Keeper Kennedy and the devoted Stewart escorted her to the little tug, H. Wickham, which lay patiently at the dock awaiting its 9 o'clock load.

The reporters brought up in the rear. Ann O'Delia turned once and waved a white handkerchief at the building. It was a sort of final farewell, but there was no sorrow in the parting.

At the boat she turned and said to Keeper Kennedy: "Tell him that I will be back at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning," meaning probably that she would come back and take the General again under her wing.

Madame then entered the after-cabin of the little tug.

The Evening World reporter followed.

"May I congratulate you, Miss Debar on your release?" he asked rather gingerly.

The reporter awaited an answer, and receiving none, repeated the question. Not by a word or a look did she let on that she was aware of the reporter's presence.

The cabin commenced to grow positively chilly, and the scribe sought the warm air outside.

Then Stewart addressed her, and she snapped: "You shut up and mind your own business."

He shut up quickly and didn't speak another word.

At the foot of East Fifty-second street Madame and Stewart took a cab. 'So did The Evening World reporter, who had fortunately engaged one beforehand.

Then commenced a chase. The route lay up Fifty-second street to Second avenue, up Fifty-second street to Madison avenue, to Archbishop Corrigan's residence.

There Madame got out.

So did the reporter, but he couldn't imagine what she was going to do for except for absolution. He asked Stewart. He didn't know.

After a while the Madame came out, and after a short drive alighted at 313 West Thirty-fourth street.

This proved to be the residence of Madame's lawyer, Mr. John R. Townsend.

In a few minutes the Madame came out and another drive was made to the Standard Theatre building, where her other lawyer, Mr. John G. Boyd is located.

He was not in, either, and then Madame was left alone. She looked at the reporter and whispered for some time to her driver.

As soon as she stepped in and closed the door, he whipped up his horses and dashed off.

It was evident that he had received orders to lose the scribe and his cab, and the race became very hot.

Both drivers lashed their horses' sides till they were dripping with sweat.

First down one street and then another did the coaches go, and more than once did the cab spin around the corners on two of its wheels.

Pedestrians stopped and gazed in wonder at the mad race and policemen waved their clubs frantically.

The cab kept up, and so close did the reporter's driver stick to the other cab that at the corner of Canal street and Broadway a collision occurred, and the varnish on the back of Madame's cab suffered accordingly.

First down one street and then another did the coaches go, and more than once did the cab spin around the corners on two of its wheels.

Pedestrians stopped and gazed in wonder at the mad race and policemen waved their clubs frantically.

IN A BRUTE'S GRASP.

Pretty Miss Talbert Roughly Treated and Robbed.

Confronted by a Negro in Lenox Avenue in Daylight.

The Thief Is Pursued, but Escapes—Arrest of a Colored Janitor.

Miss Elizabeth Talbert, daughter of Benjamin G. Talbert, of the firm of John H. Davis & Co., brokers at 10 Wall street, was the victim of a bold highway robbery, committed in broad daylight, yesterday.

Miss Talbert was returning to her home, at 192 West Twenty-second street, from a church society meeting at One Hundred and Twenty-first street and Madison avenue, at 4.30 P. M., accompanied by a young lady friend.

The two young ladies walked to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and through that street to Lenox avenue.

It was raining very hard, and at the corner of Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street they stopped for a while under the awning of Hawkins Bros' grocery store.

Here her companion left her, and Miss Talbert proceeded alone. She had reached the corner of Lexington avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-third street when she was rudely pushed from behind, her umbrella pulled down and held over her face, and she felt a grasp on her portmanteau, which she held in her hand.

Miss Talbert resisted the attempt to rob her, but was again pushed violently and the pocketbook was wrenched from her hand.

As soon as he had secured the object of his attack the young lady's assailant ran west on One Hundred and Twenty-third street as fast as he could, and the plucky little woman rushed after him screaming for help.

Two police detectives arrested him, and the robber returned and threatened her.

She then for the first time saw that he was a burly negro.

He came up to her in a threatening manner and said: "What do you want to do with you? You'd better shut up or I'll fix you."

Thoroughly frightened, Miss Talbert hurried back to the grocery store and told of the robbery.

Two men who were in the store started in pursuit, but the negro had disappeared.

In the pocketbook which the thief wrenched from Miss Talbert's hand was \$10 in money and a gold fob, which the young lady prized very highly.

Accompanied by her father, she went to the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street fallow-house to make complaint, and there they were surprised to learn that a negro had been arrested for making an assault on another young lady in Fifth avenue at One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, near Lexington avenue.

On his way to the station-house the negro tripped up the officer and escaped, but the police were quick to catch him, and he was paraded with the bandaged head before Miss Talbert, but, although his voice was like that of her assailant, she could not positively identify him because of his battered appearance.

The negro was held in the Harlem Police Court this morning and Capt. Westervelt has ordered a search for Miss Talbert's pocket-book in the negro janitor's quarters.

BAD LOANS BY THE CASHIER.

The California National Bank Suspends Payment—No Loss to Depositors.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 18.—The California National Bank of this city suspended payment yesterday. It was given out at the time that the suspension was caused by the "irregularities" on the part of Cashier Rasmussen.

This morning it is stated that the term "irregularities" was not a criminal nature, but a financial one, principally of bad loans.

The bank was incorporated in 1886 as a joint stock organization, with a capital of \$1,000,000, of this amount \$200,000 was subscribed in coin.

The loss to the bank on the bad loans, etc., are not known.

R. F. Thomas, President, says the bank has sufficient funds to insure all their depositors against loss.

At the Clearing House this morning an "Evening World" reporter was told that the last published statement of the California National Bank, received a few days ago, showed a capital of \$200,000, with a surplus of \$100,000.

IN BATTLE LINE.

Whites and Blacks Ready to Fight at Wahalak.

All Mississippi Aroused Over the Bitter Race War.

Negroes Intrenched in a Swamp Awaiting an Attack.

News of a Decisive Conflict is Expected Every Minute.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] COLUMBUS, Miss., Dec. 18.—The wildest excitement prevails throughout the eastern section of the State over the race riot five miles from Wahalak, in Kemper County.

The latest advice from the scene states that the negroes to the number of 600 have retreated to the swamps and are fortifying themselves and sparing no effort to resist to the last any attack. They have an abundant supply of ammunition, and are armed with muskets, shotguns and pistols.

Beyond a doubt there are now 400 whites gathered in and around Wahalak, and they are bent upon avenging the murderous attack on Constable Cobb's posse.

They are armed to the teeth with Winchester rifles, shotguns and steel arms.

That the whites will soon advance upon the swamp there is not a shadow of doubt, and the result will be fearful.

News of a battle is momentarily expected, but the telegraph facilities at Wahalak are poor and the only wire to that point this morning was not in good order.

A company of riflemen here is ready to proceed to the battle ground, but have not yet received orders from the Governor.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE. Politics has nothing whatever to do with this outbreak. It seems that yesterday evening two boys, one white, the other colored, got into a fight. Tom Nicholson, the father of the white boy, attempted to separate them, but was seized by the negro, who beat him on the head and beat him in the most brutal manner.

Mr. Nicholson swore out a warrant against the negro, who was placed in the hands of the constable, who found him with quite a crowd of other negroes barricaded in a house.

The crowd refused to pay any attention to the officer or his warrant, and there was only one man in the twelve who escaped unhurt, some of them being very seriously wounded.

The whites, seeing that they were only a handful compared to the large crowd of negroes who were opposed to them and who numbered several hundred, retreated, leaving their dead on the field, and followed by jeers and shouts of the black murderers, who were armed to the teeth and had used double-barrelled shotguns with such deadly effect on the officers of the law.

Upon the return of the remnant of the posse to the town the scene was one of the wildest excitement.

The situation was telegraphed to the neighboring towns and preparations were at once made to attack the negroes as soon as reinforcements arrived.

The news of the slaughter caused intense excitement wherever it was known. Offers of assistance came from all quarters.

WHITES SUIT TO THE SCENE. A special train was made up at Meridian and about seven o'clock left for Wahalak, and left for the scene of the conflict. This number was increased at every station along the road.

No one could be had north of Wahalak to take a special train, but preparations were made at all points to get on the evening train. Telegrams were sent from various points and preparations are being made at almost every place along the line to send squads of armed men to the rescue.

TROUBLE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A White Man Said to Have Been Killed by Negroes—Two Other Cases.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 18.—The people of Bamberg and the surrounding community are in a fever of excitement over the report that Mr. Robert Morris, who lives nine miles south of there, was captured by a band of negroes last night and probably murdered.

It is said that his brother, J. M. Morris, and John McMillan had adjourned with some negroes yesterday, and that last night they discovered their home was being surrounded by colored men, who were making threats against their lives.

They all left the house and went in different directions to arouse their neighbors and secure assistance, appointing a time and place for meeting.

The nearest neighbors were aroused by J. M. Morris and John McMillan, and they then went to the appointed place for meeting Robert Morris and gave the signal which had been agreed upon. No response came, and up to the present no news of the whereabouts of the father of Robert Morris can be had. It is believed that young Robert Morris was captured and murdered by the infuriated negroes.

Several young men from town have gone to the scene of excitement, and will use every means possible to find the missing young man.

covered that their home was being surrounded by colored men, who were making threats against their lives.

They all left the house and went in different directions to arouse their neighbors and secure assistance, appointing a time and place for meeting.

The nearest neighbors were aroused by J. M. Morris and John McMillan, and they then went to the appointed place for meeting Robert Morris and gave the signal which had been agreed upon. No response came, and up to the present no news of the whereabouts of the father of Robert Morris can be had. It is believed that young Robert Morris was captured and murdered by the infuriated negroes.

Several young men from town have gone to the scene of excitement, and will use every means possible to find the missing young man.

Yesterday can well be called bloody Monday. In addition to the Bamberg affair there was a shooting scrape at Blackville, in which Luther Hewitt seriously wounded a colored man named Tyler.

At Newbury J. W. M. Simmons, cashier of the National Bank, killed Nelson Worley, colored.

JONES AND HIS WIVES.

He Is Held for Embezzlement and Wife No. 2 Gives Him Up.

The amorous Harry Morris Jones, alias Henry F. Jefferson, alias Byron, was the cynosure of all eyes in Jefferson Market Court this morning. Both his wives were there, also his aged mother.

Jones is a blond young man of medium height, with a smooth, pale face, clear, dark blue eyes and a nice curly bang.

He was dressed neatly, a black chinchilla overcoat covering his under-dress.

Wife No. 1 sat immediately behind her faithless spouse, beside her mother-in-law, and wept copiously.

She is plain-looking, rather slight in stature, with sharp features.

The unfortunate wife of Jones, alias Byron, sat on the same bench with No. 1 and but a few feet from her. She is a tall, handsome brunette, with a pair of big, sparkling eyes.

She wore a stylish, close-fitting black cloth dress, and beneath it a handsomely braided apron of red and white.

While waiting for the case to be called Jones received lots of attention from his wives. First No. 1 would gaze up at him with weeping eyes, and putting her hand on his arm, would whisper earnestly in his ear, he responding by nodding and smiling.

Twice the young man's mother arose and spoke to him.

It was understood the wives would not prefer sharp features.

The affidavit of the prisoner's employer, Mr. Dan, charging Jones with embezzlement in fact, was to turn over \$100 to his employer the day he skipped away, was read by Judge Ford, and Lawyer Waring waited examination for the prisoner said to be fixed at \$500 and Jones was relegated to a dungeon before his wives could bid him good-by.

John No. 2 showed The Evening World reporter her marriage certificate. It bears Jones's name in full, as given above, and that of a wife, Mary, who died in 1886.

No. 2 said to the reporter that she wanted Jones to go back to his first wife and child; that she would never interfere with them.

She said she did not belong in New Jersey, but in a city in Ohio, where she was highly connected.

She thought she had been grievously wronged by the divorce, and was willing to forgive him, though she could take him away from No. 1 if she wanted to.

She said she would leave the city to-day for her home in Ohio.

Jones will be kept in durance so that he cannot communicate with No. 2 and run away again.

TO REVERSE THE POSITION.

Kilrain's Backers, It Is Declared, Will Post Money for Sullivan to Cover.

Jim Keenan, of Boston, has been in the city since yesterday, and has had several talks with Richard K. Fox and other friends of Jake Kilrain.

Mr. Keenan is a believer in Kilrain's superiority over Sullivan, and says that if the men come together he shall bet on Jake.

EXTRA

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

AT CUTTENBURG.

Prince Karl Falls and Seriously Injures Jockey Osler.

Hallstone, an Outsider, Wins the First Event.

Crackman, Charley Arnold, and Melodrama Victors.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NORTH HUDSON DRIVING PARK, N. J., Dec. 18.—A good crowd was in attendance to-day as usual. The track was rather heavy from yesterday's rain.

Glendon, the betting favorite in the first race, was rather easily defeated by Hallstone, a 30 to 1 shot. No straight mutuel tickets were sold on the winner, but he paid \$57.60 for the place.

A sad accident, and one that may be attended with fatal results, occurred in the second race. Prince Karl, ridden by young Osler, was just entering the stretch when he bolted and ran through the inner fence into the inclosure, where he fell on a pile of rough stones with his rider beneath him.

The unfortunate jockey was conveyed to the club-house, where Dr. Lindsay, after a hasty examination, announced that his right leg was fractured and that he had probably received internal injuries.

A despatch was sent to the Roosevelt Hospital for an ambulance to meet the wounded man at the Forty-second Street Ferry.

FIRST RACE. Purse \$200, for beaten horses; selling allowances; seven furlongs. (Sampson) 1, Glendon, 131; (M. Bergen) 2, Charley Arnold, 131; (H. Penny) 3, Melodrama, 131. Time—1:42.4.

Tenthon, Veto, John Finn, Planeroid gelding and Charley Arnold started.

The Race.—Glendon got off in front, followed by Hallstone and the Planeroid gelding. The Planeroid gelding took the lead at the stand and held it around to the lower turn, where Hallstone went by and led to the finish, winning by a length from Glendon, who was a heavy favorite.

Betting.—Hallstone straight, 30 to 1; place, 13 to 1; Glendon straight, 10 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Charley Arnold straight, 10 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Melodrama straight, 10 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Hallstone for place, \$57.60; no straight tickets sold at \$100.

SECOND RACE. Purse \$200, three-quarters of a mile. Crackman, 113; (M. Bergen) 1, Charley Arnold, 131; (H. Penny) 2, Wayward, 131; (Desmond) 3, W. G. Burns, 97. Time—1:34.4.

Frank Wheeler and Arthur W. were the other starters.

The Race.—Dr. Jekyll, Crackman and Prince Karl started off in front. Crackman took the lead at the lower turn and held it throughout, winning by five lengths from Dr. Jekyll, who was eight lengths before W. G. Burns.

Just after the horses were turning into the stretch Prince Karl bolted and ran through the fence, throwing Osler, his jockey.

Betting.—Crackman straight, 9 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Dr. Jekyll straight, 10 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Wayward straight, 10 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Hallstone for place, \$57.60; no straight tickets sold at \$100.

THIRD RACE. Purse \$200, selling allowances; seven furlongs. Charley Arnold, 131; (M. Bergen) 1, Wayward, 131; (Desmond) 2, Pocomoke, 115; (H. Penny) 3, Melodrama, 131. Time—1:38.

Harwood, Bass Viol, Brier, Glen Almond, Annie Hay, Pat Oakley and Karlina also started.

The Race.—After several attempts, a start was made with Charley Arnold in front. He held the lead until coming by the lower turn, where he was overtaken by Wayward, who held until half way down the stretch, when Charley Arnold ran out again and won by a length from Wayward, who was two lengths better than Pocomoke.

Betting.—Charley Arnold straight, 24 to 1; place, 3 to 1; Wayward straight, 10 to